

Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, AUGUST 20, 1872.

ELECTION, MONDAY, SEPT. 9.



REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
Ulysses S. Grant.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
HENRY WILSON.

"The people of the United States know Gen. Grant—have known all about him since Donelson and Vicksburg; they do not know his slanderers, and do not care to know them."—HORACE GREELEY.

SIDNEY PERHAM.

FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
1st Dist. J. H. BURLEIGH.
2nd Dist. WM. P. FRYE.
3rd Dist. JAS. G. BLAINE.
5th Dist. EUGENE HALE.

"I venture to suggest that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust [of the presidency] in 1873 than he was in 1869."—HORACE GREELEY.

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR SENATORS,
ENOCH C. FARRINGTON, Fryeburg.
JONATHAN K. MARTIN, Rumford.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
JAMES S. WRIGHT, Bethel.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WILLIAM CHASE, Buckfield.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
FREDERIC E. SHAW, Paris.
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS (Eastern),
SUMNER R. NEWELL, Peru.
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS (Western),
ASA CHARLES, Fryeburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
LORENZO D. STACY, Porter.
FOR REGISTER OF PROBATE,
HERRICK C. DAVIS, Woodstock.

"General Grant never has been beaten, and he never will be."—HORACE GREELEY.



REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

Hon. M. T. LUDEN, of Lewiston, and GEO. D. HISEE, Esq., of Buckfield.

Will address the citizens of Oxford Co., on the Political Issues of the day, as follows:—

HARTFORD,	Aug. 20, 2 P. M.
E. SUMNER,	Aug. 20, 7 P. M.
W. SUMNER,	Aug. 21, 2 P. M.
CANTON MILLS,	Aug. 21, 7 P. M.
WEST PERU,	Aug. 22, 2 P. M.
E. RUMFORD,	Aug. 22, 7 P. M.
MEXICO CORNER,	Aug. 23, 2 P. M.
E. DIXFIELD,	Aug. 23, 7 P. M.

Hon. N. DINGLEY, Jr., of Lewiston, and Col. F. E. SHAW.

Will speak at
SOUTH PARIS, Aug. 22, 7 P. M.
BRYANT'S POND, Aug. 23, 2 P. M.
LOCKE'S MILLS, Aug. 23, 7 P. M.

GOV. PERHAM and E. G. HARLOW, Esq., at
GILEAD, Aug. 24, 7 P. M.

Hon. MARK H. DUNNELL, of Minnesota,
NORWAY, Aug. 19, 7 P. M.

GOV. PERHAM and others will speak in the County next week.

What H. Greeley knows about Democracy.

"Every one who chooses to live by pugilism or gambling or harlotry, with nearly every creature of a tippling-house, is politically a Democrat."—HORACE GREELEY.

"If there were not a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the Democratic party would be far stronger than it is."—HORACE GREELEY.

"The essential articles of the Democratic creed [are] 'love rum, and hate niggers.' The less one learns and knows, the more certain he is to vote the regular ticket from A to Izzard."—HORACE GREELEY.

"We thereupon asked our contemporary to state frankly whether the pugilists, black-legs, thieves, burglars, keepers of dens of prostitution, etc., etc. were almost unanimously Democrats."—HORACE GREELEY.

"To smoke is a Democratic virtue; to chew is that virtue intensified; to drink rum is that virtue in the superlative."—HORACE GREELEY.

"A purely selfish interest attaches the Jew, ruffian, criminal, and dangerous classes to the Democratic party."—HORACE GREELEY.

"This would amount to six in a bed, exclusive of any other vermin, for every Democratic couch in the State of New York, including those of Sing Sing and Auburn."—HORACE GREELEY.

See the Contrast!

At the great Republican Mass meeting in Bangor, which was twice as large as the Democratic meeting in Augusta, last week, we are told by one who was present at both, that at the former there was no drunkenness or disorder, while at the latter there was rowdiness, and several street fights, and disorder in the cars, smashing windows and profanity. Going for Greeley does not change democracy.

—Only three weeks more remain for work. Let Republicans be on the alert.

THE TRADING CONVENTIONS.

Fusion Consummated.

THE "BLOODY CHASM" FILLED.

The prospect of a fusion with a few bolting Republicans so elated the democracy that they turned out with fuller ranks than common, last week, on the occasion of holding County Conventions to nominate a ticket of County officers. Men that hadn't been seen at Conventions for the past ten years, were on hand, scenting the prey of official spoils from afar.

The interest centered in the bolters' convention, which met at Academy Hall. That old stager, Virgil Delphini, deserted his old comrades at the Court House, and went to the Academy Hall. He seemed to take in the situation at once, and procured an old flag from the frigate Constitution, which, considering its age, was remarkably well preserved, especially through the rebellion, and hung it up in the hall. He had with him his old cane, too, made from the same old frigate, and bearing the stains of a bolt which passed through it, a good implement with which to help him to the applause for another bolt, and which he used vigorously in applauding the remarks of the speakers, especially those of his old political enemy, Col. White.

The Liberal Republican Convention, by actual count numbered fifty-one—the largest number of persons in the hall, at any one time, while they were in session, being seventy-two; of those 51, half were from two towns, Norway and Buckfield, and full one-half were irregular republicans, or men who have voted as they pleased the past few years. Eighteen towns and two plantations were represented—not half the County. It was called a mass Convention, and is not very formidable as a third party demonstration—certainly not more so than the split three years ago for Hieborn. Though their mission was to join hands with their old enemies, the democrats, and divide up the offices, they seemed to be all patriots, and disclaimed wanting any offices for themselves, but they had friends to look after. There was a singular coincidence in the fact that the very men were taken who had been suspected, all along, as aspirants for the places.

It was just so with the democrats—they were very accommodating. They would yield four or five places, or more, if necessary, and the best ones too. Their generosity can only be accounted for upon the ground that they considered a nomination of no practical value, as they had no hopes of carrying the County.

A. F. Jackson, of Norway, called the Convention to order, and nominated Col. White, of Buckfield, for Chairman. The Col. returned thanks, and took from his pocket a speech which he read to the meeting. He said they had met, for a purpose, long cherished, of a political reform; our servants have become our masters, and the offices are given to a lot of the eleven hundred men, who had not borne the heat and burden of the day. Our trouble here to-day is, said the Col., to get men to take offices! Some have said, they had got rid of Col. White, and he could tell them they had got rid of about fifty others in Buckfield.

Geo. O. Hayford, of Peru, was appointed Secretary. Alvarado Hayford, of Canton, moved that a Committee of one from each town be raised by those present, to confer with the Democratic County Convention then in session, relative to the distribution of the offices.

Mr. A. C. Whitman, of Buckfield, moved that a Committee of five, on Resolutions be raised, to confer with the other Committee. Adopted. And A. B. Severy, of Dixfield, P. E. Crockett, of Norway, J. E. Wardwell, of Rumford, G. Barrett, of Buckfield and Solon Roral, of Paris, were appointed that Committee.

Mr. A. C. Whitman wanted to amend Mr. Hayford's motion, and have a Committee of five to confer with the other Convention, as they had raised a Committee of that number, but Mr. Timothy Walker, of Rumford, who seemed to be a little doubtful about the honesty of his old political enemies, knowing their trickery, objected, and preferred a larger Committee. Mr. Whitman then subsided, and the following Committee was appointed:

Buckfield, A. C. Whitman; Norway, A. F. Jackson; Dixfield, A. B. Severy; Paris, Solon Roral; Rumford, P. H. Virgin; Canton, Alvarado Hayford; Peru, A. B. Walker; Sumner, E. G. Cole; Woodstock, E. Jewell; Bethel, G. W. Haskell; Milton Pl., W. F. Greene; Waterford, S. S. Hersey; Greenwood, Dr. D. W. Davis; Denmark, S. G. Davis; Hebron, G. W. Bearce; Albany, H. Hutchinson; Franklin, G. Childs; Hartford, Stephen Thurlow; Oxford, Moses Chesley; Mason, A. A. Grover. C. F. Whitman, of Buckfield, Henry Upton of Norway, Jere Wardwell of Rumford, Wm. Cushman of Hartford, and B. Tucker, Jr., of Waterford, were appointed to report a Co. Committee, who subsequently reported as follows: Alfred Cole, Buckfield, F. E. Crockett, Norway; Dr. Davis, Greenwood; P. E. Virgin, Rumford; S. G. Davis, Denmark. The Convention then adjourned to dinner.

AFTERNOON.
The Conference Committee reported that they had met the Committee of democrats, and had agreed upon the following compromise, and had made the nominations between them, as follows: For Senators, Timothy Walker, (Lib.) and R. Hastings, (Dem.) Register of Deeds, Eastern District, Alvarado Hayford, Canton, (Lib.) Western, Wm. Gordon, 2d, Fryeburg, (Dem.) County Commissioner, Abernethy Grover, Bethel, (Dem.) Clerk of Courts, C. F. Whitman, Buckfield, third party candidate, three years ago.

Treasurer, Henry Upton, Norway, (Lib.) Register of Probate, Sam'l R. Carter, Paris, slightly Democratic.

Mr. Walker, of Peru, moved to proceed to ballot on the above. This made a little sensation, when that old stager, and manager of bolting Canases, Dr. Bradbury, came to the rescue, and moved that the Report be adopted, as a whole. The President unfortunately, called for a rising vote, when just *seventeen* arose, and the vote was declared carried.

Washington Long, Esq., formerly Collector of Passamaquoddy District, being present, was called upon to address the Convention. It was suggested, that the Convention go to the Court House and unite with the other first. Mr. Long proposed to speak here. Mr. Long suggested that a delegation, with the Band, would be sent from the other meeting, when they were ready—so Mr. Long was allowed to go "long."

Mr. Long was formerly from Buckfield, and is reputed to be one of the smartest down-East wire-pullers that old Oxford ever sent them. He believed in F. A. Pike, who got him appointed Collector, and don't believe in Eugene Hale, who recommended a successor, after Mr. Long had held the office nine years. So, you see.

Mr. Long said the last time he was here was 20 years ago, when he helped break up the old democratic party, and now he wanted another job. He said U. S. Grant has not a single quality fitting him for President. The appointment of his Cabinet was a proof of this. Then his course in relation to San Domingo was another proof. He had no fault to find with him as a soldier. The trouble with Mr. Long seemed to be that Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Blaine controlled all the offices in the State—and that's the whole Long and short of it.

Mr. Long is more of a button-hole politician than speaker, and did not create much enthusiasm. He soon closed, and the Convention was requested to fall in, in platoons of four, and follow the Band. Just thirteen platoons or ranks were formed, one only containing three men—making fifty-one—when they marched into the Court House and were soon swallowed up by the untutored democracy—the Chairman, however, Col. White, going into the desk and taking a seat by the democratic Chairman, Mr. Black.

WHITE AND BLACK

United—coalescing and dissolving, and blending into one harmonious whole,—but still *White and Black* the same.

White was embarrassed, apparently, and colored up, while Black was so overjoyed, his smile was "childlike and bland," and they shook hands "over the bloody chasm" with great earnestness.

The looker on
"Blacks, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black; nor White so very white."
—MR. MORRILL, XXXVI.

Mr. Black then stated that the two Conventions were united. A. P. Andrews, of West Paris, moved that the list of nominees be adopted by acclamation. Carried in silence, both parties evidently ashamed at the farce.

At this stage, though the Convention was blessed with two presiding officers, S. C. Andrews, Esq., of Buckfield, entered the desk, and with some flourish introduced to the audience the Hon. Leonard Swett, of Illinois, concluding in pathetic language, that the distinguished individual was the lifelong and warm-hearted bosom friend of the late lamented Abraham Lincoln. We glanced around over the faces of the men who so recently denounced this same Abraham Lincoln as a *despot* and a *tyrant*, and what not, to see how *lamented* he was, and came to the conclusion that this was wasted—like the casting of pearls before swine.

MR. SWETT'S SPEECH.

The speaker stated that he was an Oxford County boy, and not a politician, and that he was not in his native State to make speeches. He was an original Republican, and knew Gen. Grant personally. He spoke over two hours in an able manner, discussing principally abuses in the Southern States by Carpet-baggers, and urging these as a reason for overthrowing the administration. He talked like an able criminal lawyer, as he is, and he evidently felt that he had a pretty big job on his hands to defend the democratic party. His premises were often fallacious, as for instance that the whites of the South were all disfranchised, and were denied amnesty, while the policy of the administration has been to extend amnesty till only about 20 are now out. His comparisons of the indebtedness of the Southern States at the close of the war and now, showing a large increase, all owing to the robbery and theft of republicans, is monstrous. The abuses of Carpet baggers are denounced by republicans, as he knows, but failed to state, and the great debts of the States can be attributed to other causes than theft.

He told the democrats some whole-some truths, viz: that the rebellion, got up by the Southern democracy, and which they sympathized with and aided and abetted, was an unholy one, and ought to have been put down, and the leaders *hung*—and he made some admissions which we thank him for, to wit: that he liked President Grant; he spent a week at his head quarters, and he is a good fellow, and that he did not believe Gen. Grant had taken gifts corruptly—but he was surrounded by bad men. He did not say that Greeley was any better off, with Tammany on his back—nor did he show that the democratic party would correct any of these abuses which he found fault with.

After closing, at the suggestion of Mr. Black, he added a few words to show the importance of the September vote in Maine.

As he sat down, Col. White seemed too full for utterance, and attempted to say that one-sixteenth of the four thousand voters in the County were away from their homes, and that if a fire should break out, there were not men enough

left to put it out—but as it commenced raining just then, the audience didn't seem to be much alarmed and quietly dispersed.

For a big meeting, with two Conventions, and hand bills throughout the County announcing the great Killpatrick, who didn't come, and a band of music, and a less number present than assemblies at our town house, at an ordinary spring election, we don't call it a great success. It was uncommonly large for a democratic County Convention, and that is all.

What is the sore of the Hon. Mr. Swett? It was hard to believe that he was so *immaculate* and *disinterested* as to come way to Maine, to "bust the Machine," as he would have the people believe. It is said that the honorable gentleman, availing himself of his intimacy with Grant and the leading Generals, and relying upon his *disinterested* republicanism, tried the Carpet-bagger's game and went South and speculated in cotton, and was found out, and had his cotton confiscated, and now he goes for reform, and against carpet-baggers, and for "busting the machine." You may step down, Mr. Swett.

Oxford County Democratic and Liberal Republican Conventions.

THE BEARS AROUSED!

EIGHT HUNDRED IN COUNCIL!

The County Bore for Kimball in September; and Greeley in November! —Oxford Register.

Knowing the facility of the Oxford Register in getting up a spurge upon the slightest pretext, with very little material, we were prepared to see startling announcements in last week's issue. The figures are moderate, only doubled, which is quite reasonable. The Court House, when most crowded, while Swett was speaking, contained less than four hundred persons. One hundred and fifty persons fill the house comfortably—twice that number crowds it badly, while it is very questionable whether four hundred can possibly squeeze in. But the best test of the crowd in attendance is, as to the number dined at the two public houses in town, which was less than three hundred.

The Register says that there were between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred at the Liberal Convention, at Academy Hall. This is as big a whooper as the other. We were present during the forenoon and afternoon sessions, and found it an easy matter to count all present. One count when the room was the best filled, during the day, made sixty-three only, counting twelve democrats and republicans not acting with them. We will give a dollar a head for every person above seventy-five in the Hall, during the day.

Now it is the boast that the County is sure for Kimball in September. There has not been an active canvass of the County since 1868. Then the republicans carried it by 1,000 majority. In 1869 the third party threw 238 votes, doubly more than the highest calculation of the Greeley vote, we had 639 majority. This year, with our strength brought out, we will swamp the Liberal Republican Democratic State-headed canons by six to eight hundred! and more in November!

The "Softening" disease.

Softening of the brain is getting to be a common and dangerous disease.—Whether softening of the heart, such as Greeley complains of, is a premonitory symptom or not, we cannot say. Softening of the back-bone used to be a malady of Northern politicians, but softening of the heart is now the plea, more potent with democrats than the plea of insanity with a New York jury.

The great disease is traveling around the country, and through Maine to assure his now supporters, the democrats, that he is *softening*, as he grows older, though he is unchanged. He is sorry, he says, that he said such hard things against democrats, and probably he erred. He further assures all that he will dispend the offices to his friends, no matter to what party they belonged. His speeches all show that his aim is to get votes, and to reconcile the democrats of Maine and wheedle them into his support. Dignified for a Presidential aspirant, truly! Grant is ridiculed by democrats because he don't make speeches, but no speech at all is preferable to such silly stuff as comes from the democratic candidate.

He made seven speeches in one day in New Hampshire, and the only idea advanced, not pertaining to self, was that the "apple trees in Europe had less dead limbs on them than in New Hampshire." We shall be glad to know how it is in Maine, in this respect, and how this will effect the staple article of democratic politics, *Cider*!

The Hieborn Vote in Oxford Co., in 1869.

There was the same extravagant boasting in 1869, by the democrats, that the democracy would carry Oxford County, as this year. Below we give the split then, and it is not claimed that the Greeley vote in any town equals that of the third party then. Examine the figures, and see what hopes the democracy have this year. Then we carried the County by a majority of 872! Our majority in 1868, was 1002 in the County.

Bethel, 14; Buckfield, 62; Canton, 6; Denmark, 7; Hartford, 18; Hebron, 15; Hiram, 2; Mexico, 1; Norway, 17; Oxford, 27; Paris, 23; Peru, 2; Rumford, 5; Sumner, 26; Waterford, 3; Woodstock, 5; Hamlin's Grant, 2.

The Biddford Times edited by G. K. Shaw, Esq., gives cold support to the democratic nominee for Congress, Mr. Clifford, hinting that the nomination of Gov. Chamberlain was the best to have made, and that Clifford should not have forced himself upon the party, but should have bided his time.

The Pragmat in Maine.

The Maine correspondent of the Boston Journal, who has visited all the States for the purpose of ascertaining the prospect of the Maine election which comes off Sept. 9th, sums up the result of his observation as follows:

"In looking over the field we have every reason to believe that the Republicans will make a clean sweep of the State. It is not improbable that for the first time they will carry every county. Governor Perham's majority will be increased, our own judgment being that it will be some fourteen thousand. The Republicans will carry every Congressional district, and as we have made an estimate of their majorities in each district we are willing to go on the record. In our judgment Mr. Burleigh of the First District will be elected by a majority of not less than 1500, and most likely 2000. General Frye of the Second District will get a majority of 3500. Speaker Blaine of the Third District will be elected by a majority of from 3000 to 3500, and it may reach a higher figure. General Henry of the Fourth District will get a majority of 3800, while Mr. Hale of the Fifth District will be elected by a majority of some 1500.

The Temperance Element.

Many of the men in this County who went off on the temperance issue three years ago, are going for Greeley, and the most consistent of them declare that they cannot vote the democratic State ticket, for the reason that that party has always been a rum party, and now some of its journals, like the Oxford Register and Republican Journal, of Bethel, appeal to their readers to go against Gov. Perham on account of his temperance character. Mr. H. M. Bryant, of Lewiston, one of the most eloquent reform speakers, and a Greeley Republican, rebukes the democratic party, saying he had reason to suppose they were sincere when they voted down Rawson's resolution against summary legislation, in their recent State Convention, but he is satisfied that they didn't mean it. The Republican Journal replies:

"If Mr. Bryant's adhesion to liberal republicanism is conditional upon the silence of the democratic press in regard to those scandals [prohibitory laws], we fear that the cause will lose its valuable aid."

If temperance men, as Greeley republicans, unite with democrats in electing to the Legislature their nominees, they will aid in the overthrow of the prohibitory laws! Let them beware.

Political Notes.

I know that we have but one Republican in this town, (Mexico) but is an outspoken, bold advocate of Grant's re-election. I do know also that we have Democrats who openly declare they will not vote for Greeley, and say they would sooner vote for Grant, more than enough to off set the votes of all the Greeley Republicans of Peru and Canton. I cannot learn from men of either party of one Greeley Republican in Dixfield, while I am told that the democrats are far from being united in his support. In the small town of Roxbury three democrats of the "straitest sect," declare against Greeley, and two of them are supporters of our State and County ticket, no such thing as a Greeley Republican is known there. Byron is good for an increased Republican vote. Two prominent—in point of ability—Democrats in that part of Rumford near us, declare that they will not vote for Greeley, and I am told that others say the same.

Tell your dear publisher, that as long as democrats live, and run to scraps, that farmers will not have to cart *cider* a long way to get a safe for it. This is the fact about *cider*, formerly from \$1.50 to .50 per barrel since the other law was passed—since snow went off last spring every barrel of *cider* in this section that could be purchased has been sent to Bryant's Pond, and other stations and brought \$6.50 to \$7.00 per barrel.

I was informed yesterday by a gentleman from Andover that he did not know of, or believe there was a Greeley Republican in that town. This gentleman is not a person interested in telling other than the truth. Other prominent men from Andover whose statements the Register would not question upon any other subject—but of course will be about this—say that there is no such thing as a Greeley Republican in that town.

We stand better by a number of votes here in Mexico, than we did last year. The questions asked when we learn of a disaffected Republican "coming out" for Greeley, are, "what office has he failed to get? What office has he been dismissed from? What office does he know he cannot get from Republicans, and does expect from the amalgamationists?" We know there is some personal feeling, some disappointment, some knowledge of a lack of, in his opinion, proper appreciation of him, by Republicans, that control his course—that he is not governed by honesty.

Grant Club--Paris.

A public meeting, to perfect the organization of the Grant and Wilson Club, was held at Academy Hall, South Paris, on Thursday evening last. The following officers were elected:

President, Capt. H. N. Bolster.
Vice-Presidents are one from each school district, as follows:—Col. Wm. Swett, G. G. Phelps, Capt. W. R. Swan, Dr. T. H. Brown, B. F. Jackson, P. C. Fickett, A. C. Hall, Wm. O. King, Hiram Field, E. H. Stearns, Jonas Bisbee, Wm. McKenney, J. A. King, A. S. Thayer, H. O. Tuell, G. W. Ripley, John Blake, T. H. Briggs.
Secretaries, J. F. King, Charles Chase, Treasurer, G. A. Wilson.
Addresses were made by J. S. Hobbs, Esq., Capt. H. N. Bolster and Fred. E. Shaw.

The club adjourned to Thursday evening next, at the Whittemore district. Owing to another appointment at South Paris on that evening, the meeting will be FRIDAY evening, at the Whittemore School-House. The meeting adjourned with three cheers for President Grant and three more for Gov. Perham.

To Oxford County Greeley Republicans.

Mr. Editor:—For reasons that would be supererogatory here to enumerate, I am an unequivocal advocate of the principles affirmed at Cincinnati and reaffirmed at Baltimore, an ardent support of the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention ratified at Baltimore.

Greeley Republicans in Maine now occupy a somewhat anomalous position. We are solicited to vote the Democratic ticket in the approaching State election. To this I decidedly object. Issues enter into the State canvass that have no affinity with National issues. The most prominent perhaps is Temperance. Some of my present coadjutors in Reform three years ago, were earnest Third Party men (as was I) because Gov. Chamberlain was not considered sound on temperance. To such and all Greeley Republicans I ask, can you conscientiously use your influence and votes to insure the triumph of men whose election you would deeply deprecate—a democratic Governor and Legislature in enmity to all prohibitory laws? Would not the cause of Temperance suffer incalculable injury thereby?

Not alone on Temperance, but also on other questions of vital import. The Democratic party is not the party of progress and reform. It is densely covered with the scales of conservatism.

But my friends may say, we do not expect to defeat Gov. Perham and a Prohibitory Legislature, but only to diminish their majorities, and thus create an influence favorable to Greeley. Men of principle should not be deluded by such sophistry. The hope of reform in National affairs should not induce men to labor for the triumph of men whose election they would deplore—especially when such reform will be consummated, if at all, without such sacrifice. In one of Mr. Greeley's speeches on Prohibition, he quoted a saying: "Let John take very good care of John." Let us scrupulously obey his injunction, and as people of Maine take very good care of Maine, and be slow to sacrifice or jeopardize measures of beneficent progress within the limits of our State.

Representative Nomination.

At a republican caucus held at Denmark, 10th inst., L. C. O. Fendexter, of Denmark, was nominated as the candidate for the representative District composed of Denmark, Hiram, Lovell and Sweden. It is represented as a very strong nomination.

17th Maine Regiment.

The surviving members of this gallant regiment, will celebrate its tenth anniversary this year, in the usual manner, on some island in Portland harbor, on the 20th inst. Those attending will be furnished by the Secretary with free return tickets on the various lines of railroad, good until and including the 22d, in order to accommodate those desiring to attend the reunion of the G. A. R., which takes place on the 21st.

A large attendance of the veterans of the "Springfield" is expected, and will be provided for by the Committee in charge.

Teachers' Institute--South Paris.

We are glad to be able to announce that Mr. Johnson, Superintendent of Schools, has made arrangements to provide our teachers with a five day's institute, commencing the 25th inst. The instructors announced are persons of long and successful experience, and Mr. Johnson will be present to manage the Institute.

Bethel Items.

Taking a merry ride out of town the other day, I found many of the farmers finishing up haying, and harvesting their grain is in order; the former never was better, the latter light rain has been abundant. Hence the hay field has been the principal point of attraction for several weeks past. We noticed the other day, a young lady who held the reins over a line span of Hays, which were attached to a load of hay, while the father and brother were at the harness work. We have had lively times here within a few days, and there has been literally no peace for the wicked. Monday, our Democrats put on their best cloths and cleanest shirts, and pulled a away to the telegraph office, to hear the good news which their organs have been assuring them of success. North Carolina was the State they wanted to hear from. The good news came, and so did they—home. The next day the few of them who ventured out, hoping for relief, looked as though they had had a fever. Since then it is only by chance that you meet one, they dodge about to their work, as if shot out of a gun, they cast suspicious looks, over their shoulders, as though they expected to be pursued by Grant's mighty army and gobbled up. The man who now expects that, Greeley will be elected don't live in Bethel. He don't even stay here. Mr. Editor, you can count on us next September for twice our last spring majority.

The Republicans of this town, have thrown to the breeze, two flags for Grant and Wilson.

We notice the Bartlett, Russell, Valentine, Kimball, Locke and Watersford Mountain Houses, are full to over flowing with city company. A party of twelve, boarding at the latter House, visited Albany Basins last Thursday.

We advise all lovers of music to send for Whitney's Musical Guest, \$4.00 for \$1.00. Any person sending \$1.00 to Oxford County News Agency, Paris Hill, will receive a Monthly Musical Journal published the first of each month, containing various musical events in this country and Europe.

Mr. S. H. Chapman who has been confined to his sick bed since last September, died last Saturday morning, at his residence.

Rumford Items.

On Tuesday the 6th inst., we had quite a heavy thunder shower, which did considerable damage, killing a mare and colt belonging to Jonathan Virgin, valued at about \$200. It also lodged the grass and grain to quite an extent.

Many farmers have had to cut their grain quite early on account of the grass-hoppers. Grain is well filled and a large yield is anticipated with us, and we are getting the barns well filled.

G. C. Abbott has built a barn 40x60 the present season. Patrick Virgin has rebuilt his barn.

Feed is good and stock is thriving well. Miss Anna Beck was found Saturday 27th ult., in Orville Session's saw mill, in Milton, by Mr. Bean. She had not any food for 12-14 days, except what she could find in the forest, which was soiled and leaves, since time she has been quite rational. It is hoped she may derive a benefit from her long term at fasting.

Dixfield Items.

The Republicans of Dixfield on the 9th inst., raised a splendid Grant and Wilson Flag in the presence of a large number of Dixfield's true and earnest republicans who had gathered for the occasion. Speeches were made by Hon. W. W. Bolster, Rev. Mr. Bert of New York, and Hon. E. G. Harlow.

Dixfield will give a good account of herself in September and November. But one Greeley Republican here.

South Paris, Aug. 17th, 1872.

It having been publicly asserted by various parties, that I wrote a political article which appeared in the Register a short time ago, dated at South Paris, and signed "Republicans," I take this opportunity to say that I did not write it. I have written no political matter for any journal for more than four years. This denial may be filled, for it is not of much consequence whether I, John Smith, or "some other man," wrote the communication in question. Little do I care who wrote it.

H. E. SWASEY.

Our neighbor of the Democrat, must have been convinced that there is some Liberal Republican in Old Oxford, there being at their Convention at Academy Hall, between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred republicans voters."—Oxford Register.

What a whooper! Fifty one, exactly. You had a double Convention, and saw doubly all the way through. Your eight hundred crowd must be reduced one half, and your statement that you will carry the County is as far from the truth. You won't half carry it. But brag is your game, and you are as reasonable as could be expected.

Select Story.

DID SHE LOVE?

I believe that in the lives of all men, however commonplace, there are incidents which, if properly narrated, would prove more entertaining to the thoughtful portion of mankind than the glided unrealities of romance. This brief episode is one that occurred in my own life.

In the summer of 18—, I, Henry Linville, having worked hard to pass all the necessary grades in medicine, including my physician's diploma, needed rest before starting in life. It was decided that I should go on a visit to my father's brother, Lawyer Linville, who had acquired much wealth, and resided, during his many years' practice in the country. His wife had been a Miss Rebecca Peyton. They had no children, but had adopted a niece of Mrs. Linville.

My uncle met me at the station near his country home. He and I had not seen each other for years. Bidding his servant take charge of my luggage, he put his arm within mine, and we walked on asking and answering questions. Five minutes brought us in view of the house, a handsome red brick building, with a beautiful lawn sloping down from it, and trees and grounds around. Mr. Linville told me that a young fellow of the name of Seyer, a law student, and the son of an old friend, was staying with them.

Mrs. Linville, a fine portly woman, came forward to greet us, with her niece Julia Peyton. They introduced the young lady and myself to each other as "cousins," which nearly made me laugh. Very nice looking she was; the features pretty, the hair very peculiar, not so dark as the lightest chestnut, not so ripe as the ripest wheat. Her eyes were peculiar too, of a dark and brilliant grey.

Seyer, the law student, was a highly intellectual man, to judge by his fine head and fine features; but in a manner he was awkward and retiring, as if unused to society. I had not the experience then that I have acquired since, or I might have known that this shy and timid manner often accompanies the highest order of mental intellect—genius.

Shyness of manner, however, could not be charged on Miss Peyton. On the contrary, though perfectly modest and well bred, there was so complete a self-possession in her manner, that for a young lady it was rather remarkable. She talked to me with the most perfect ease, in a gracious way that saved of condescension.

At least, so it struck me. Never having chosen to be patronized by even a pretty woman, and not choosing it now, I said to myself ten times during the evening that I did not like Miss Peyton, and never should or would like her. Alas for our wise resolution! that night I dreamed of her face all night long.

The summer morning and the summer sunshine—perhaps habit also—aroused me early. Getting down stairs and out of doors, who should be standing against one of the white pillars of the balcony, but Seyer, his eyes gazing out vacantly across the lawn. For all I cared, he was as welcome to be there as flowers in May; but my appearance seemed curiously to disconcert him. He woke out of his reverie with a start, and seemed as if he would have liked to disappear altogether.

I held out my hand. "It seems, Mr. Seyer, that I am not alone in the habit of early rising."

No. That is to say, I—I am not in the habit of getting up as early as this."

"You are not well?" I exclaimed, for the man looked as pale as death.

"Oh, no! nothing of the kind," he replied. "I passed rather a restless night, and got up, but the air has refreshed me wonderfully. What do you say to a walk? It will be a good while before breakfast is ready."

Willing enough was I; glad of a companion. "Mind you get all the air and exercise you can, Henry," my mother had said to me. Strolling across the lawn through the gate, we turned into the open country on the left, the town being the other way. Even at this distance of time, the impression made up on me by Seyer's conversation is as vivid as if it had been spoken yesterday. The wisdom and accuracy of his information, no less than the brilliancy of his ideas, astonished me. I was considered, to use the conversational terms, "well read," but here was a man who seemed familiar with everything. He even spoke of the technicalities of my own profession in a manner that would have brought, no discredit upon one who had graduated in it. I could not refrain from expressing my wonder at the extent and variety of his acquisitions, but he made light of them. All his reserve had worn off; he was brimful of life and gaiety.

"My dear fellow," said he, "what little I know has cost me no labor. It all lies in a knack. There are three classes of readers in the world. First, the laborious, plodding fellows who acquire knowledge pretty much as the housewife administers medicine, in infinitesimal doses. Then the skimmers, principally people of fashion, who read the reviews in the new works in order to be able to talk about them. Lastly, there is a third class, who by a species of mental chemistry, extract the essence of a volume before ordinary readers have finished the first half dozen chapters. Without being egotistical, allow me to say that it is to this last class that I belong. I cannot explain the process, but I know that I have often finished and mastered books in half a day that I have seen other people at a week."

He had hardly ceased speaking when we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a lady, mounted on a powerful steed, passed by us at full speed. It was Miss Peyton. A silvery peal of laughter came ringing from the fair equestrienne as she lightly greeted us; the next mo-

ment she had turned the corner and was out of sight.

She had all but run over me, for we were in the middle of the road; I laughed as I said so to Seyer. He made no answer, and I looked at him. His countenance had entirely changed. The flash of joyous animation which but a moment before illumined his fine features, had given place to a thoughtful shyness they wore on the previous evening. I would not annoy him by seeming to take cognizance of the alteration.

"Miss Peyton seems to be unattended," Seyer said.

"So she is."

"But does she do this thing regularly?"

"There is no regularity in her or her habits," rejoined Seyer. "She may ride out every morning before breakfast for a week, and then not mount a horse again for a month."

"Probably she affects eccentricity."

"She is eccentric without being affected."

"But ought Mr. and Mrs. Linville to allow her to go out unattended?"

"She chooses to do it, and they indulge her in everything. There's no real danger; the horse is a safe one, and the neighborhood also. Suppose we go back?"

He did not like speaking on the subject; I saw that; and we retraced our steps almost in silence. Shyer than ever seemed Seyer. I began to think him a queer young man.

When we got to the breakfast table Miss Peyton was there; her dress changed, her face fresh as a rose, as she shook hands with me.

"You must find this riding out before breakfast very lonely, Miss Peyton?"

"I did at first," she answered. "I've got used to it now."

"I wish you would let me ride with you, while I am here. My uncle can find me a horse, I daresay."

I looked at him as I spoke, but he was busy with his egg, and took no notice.

"Agreed," said Miss Peyton. "You shall come to me, Mr. Henry Linville, if you will make yourself amusing and agreeable."

"I'll try and do it. When shall we begin?"

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow. We must start at six, mind."

Did she mean it? "I'll be ready at five, Miss Peyton."

"Now look here," said my uncle. "You'll neither of you go at that hour. Why, you would gallop ten or fifteen miles before breakfast. It won't do; you'd both be sick."

"Old Galloway would kill us with medicine, if we were, uncle," she said laughing. "Do you remember last autumn—his telling me I should not live the week out? He prophesied—oh, I don't know what ill things he did not prophesy of me for the future."

"Mr. Galloway is a very kind and skillful man, Julia," interposed Mrs. Linville, more gravely than the case seemed to warrant.

"He is a great croaker, though, isn't he, aunt?" I told him so. Fancy his saying what he did of me!"

"What did he say of you, Miss Peyton?"

"I asked—and I saw Seyer at the same moment glance curiously at her from his shy little eyes."

"What did he say, Mr. Henry Linville? Why, because I had a slight pain in my side one day, he declared I had got disease of the heart."

The words thrilled through me. Disease of the heart! Surely not! Not with those fresh, bright looks.

"He sends me bottles full of mixtures, and expects me to take them," she continued, in a much aggrieved but half laughing tone.

"Of course you follow his advice?"

"Of course I do not," retorted she. "I have never tasted his preparations, nor do I intend to—pompous old fellow! I shall get you, Mr. Linville, to analyze them some day," she continued laughing, "that we may see what rubbish they are composed of."

"Really you must not pay any attention to what she says," interposed Mrs. Linville to me. "Dr. Galloway is a most deserving man, and an exceedingly skillful physician. He takes the greatest interest in Julia, although I think he has exaggerated the importance of her malady; principally, however, I believe, from the praiseworthy motive of inducing her to be more careful of her health than she is inclined to be."

After breakfast Miss Peyton and I sat out on the balcony and talked till noon; and then after lunch till evening. The weather was intensely hot, a kind of white mist lying on the earth. It was an intensely pleasant day to me; that's all I know about it. Seyer did not disturb us; we never saw him again until tea time—and then he looked white and haggard. I inquired what was the matter. But the question seemed to annoy him, for an expression of pain crossed his countenance when he answered—"nothing." So I thought I'd let him alone for the future.

I rode out with Miss Peyton on the following morning, and the next, and the next. Slowly, but surely, the toils were being drawn about me. The naive originality of her manner, its charming mixture of brusqueness and sweetness, the witching wonder of her changing face, which haunted me continually, even in sleep, all did their several parts. And the result was my complete enchantment. I loved the girl utterly.

August, rich in the protusion of her luxuriant charms, ripened gradually into the mellow loveliness of September, and yet I had not gone. To tear myself from Julia Peyton seemed like tearing asunder my life. The time wasted went for nothing; my profession I did not think of, and I stayed on. Was it some instinct kept me?

The days flew by. October, clad in a luminous haze, came stealing over the hills, kissing the green leaves into gold and crimson, and still I lingered. Lingered where my heart was. But the end was to come.

It was a beautiful afternoon toward the middle of the month. Miss Peyton and I rode out together toward the town, to meet my uncle and Seyer, who had gone over that day to attend court.

As our horses ambled slowly along the winding road, I thought I had never before loved a lovelier scene. The sun, shrouded in autumnal mists, shed a softened radiance, which seemed in exact keeping with the solemn stillness of nature. The scarlet leaves of autumn fluttered down in the balmy air, the sky was blue and beautiful; and I—I was strangely happy.

But, as the sun declined in the western sky, I remembered it was probably the last time she and I would pass that way together—for I was really going away at last. In two days' time the house was to be rid of me—and she would no longer be in my covetous sight.

"Mr. Linville, you must accompany me to the Hawksnest on Wednesday," she suddenly said, breaking the silence.

"You know I have often promised to take you to see it. It commands the very finest view we have in the country."

"Ah—I would only be too happy to accompany you, Miss Peyton. But—on that day, the day after to-morrow, I am leaving."

"Really?" she exclaimed. And the beautiful eyes were turned on me with an expression of the most mournful interest.

"Yes, I ought to have gone some time since. But have been detained; I scarcely know how."

"I am very sorry," she said; "we have had such a pleasant time together. You will return soon, will you not?"

There was a faint quiver in the voice, else I fancied it. Her face was turned away.

"That depends upon you, Miss Peyton," I said, wishing I could speak with less agitation. "Upon your answer to a certain question that I am going to ask you."

"A question to me! Let me hear it. Yonder comes my uncle's carriage."

Sure enough, just turning the corner of the road in the distance, was the open carriage with its pair of greys, a strange gentleman sitting in front with my uncle, Charles Seyer, and the groom behind.

What I had to say must be said quickly. We were riding side by side, close together. Taking her unresisting hand, I told her how I loved her, how it had grown upon me, until my very hopes in life were wrapped up in that short sentence, which I pronounced in an agony of hope and fear.

"Julia, will you be my wife?"

For a moment her hand trembled, and she did not speak. The words which they came were low, the voice very sweet.

"Mr. Henry Linville, have you thought this matter well over—have you considered it as it deserves to be?"

All in a moment her hand was drawn from mine with a spasmodic jerk, and passed to her left side. She gave a cry, and reeled in her saddle. Springing from my horse I caught her just as she was falling. The carriage was up with us, almost immediately, and stopped.

"This is Dr. Galloway, Henry," said my uncle, hastily introducing the stranger—and a thought struck me that he was striving for calmness—he, not the doctor. "Has Julia fainted?"

"I fear so. I cannot think what can have—"

Dr. Galloway pushed me aside. He felt her pulse, placed his hand above the region of her heart, gazed long and steadily into her eyes. I, supporting her still, felt a dreadful fear, and waited for the physician's verdict.

It came at last. That horrible, dull, professional monotone, which struck upon my brain like some great weight of lead.

"She is dead. Dead of heart disease!"

Was Seyer dying too? He gave a wild scream, and fell to the ground insensible. I knew his secret then—he had loved her.

All the rest seems a dream. I remember reaching the house in the carriage, holding her in my arms; I remember the confusion when we got there. Seyer was himself again; Mrs. Linville sobbed bitterly; Dr. Galloway told us it was only what he had looked for. After that, I had no illness; and seem to remember nothing clearly until I was getting better in my own bed at home, attended by my mother.

I am grey-headed now, and in the course of nature cannot have many years to live but were they to be doubled, I would willingly give them all to have an answer to the one question that rarely leaves my mind.

"Did she love me?"

The Lesson of Life.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not with folded hands then claim life's prizes without previous efforts, but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trials, see no result that effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disconcert. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self and self respect, not to lose or repose effort—this is greatness, whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in the book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

Those who stand on the high plane of the earth understand not what necessity, what suffering means. They know not what it is to a noble soul to be obliged, like a worm, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not the strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace, splendor, and beauty; they drink life's sweet wine, and dance to a charming intoxication. They find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real sufferings of the poor; they love only themselves, and look at mankind only in their narrow circle.

Desirable Residence

PARIS HILL

For Sale.

A two-story house, with high-ceilinged rooms, with modern bath; Cement Cellar; Furnace; Brick Chimney; good water; large stable; and an acre and a half of land with fruit trees, etc. Can be bought for \$10,000. It is a desirable place for a private residence, or boarding house, and is a very good investment. Apply to J. H. WILSON, Real Estate Office, 107 N. Main St., Portland, Me., July 8, 1872.

For Sale.

THE FARM formerly owned and occupied by the late Maj. F. N. Stowell, situated about one mile from South Paris village. Said farm is finely located, and contains about 100 acres, also a large and thrifty orchard; a large barn, with cellar under the same; good houses; water at hand, and all the modern improvements. It is a desirable place for a private residence, or boarding house, and is a very good investment. Apply to J. H. WILSON, Real Estate Office, 107 N. Main St., Portland, Me., July 8, 1872.

Desirable Property For Sale.

THE Subscribers offer for sale his Foundry Property at South Portland, consisting of the main building, 70 feet long; 30 feet wide; 20 feet high; 30 feet deep; a good land; water wheel, and all the modern improvements. It is a desirable place for a private residence, or boarding house, and is a very good investment. Apply to J. H. WILSON, Real Estate Office, 107 N. Main St., Portland, Me., July 8, 1872.

Also for sale—the owner has business at Bridgeport, and is selling his house, containing 10 finished rooms; Stable and Woodhouse, all in perfect repair. Water run to the house from a never failing spring. Orchard of good fruit, bearing in August & September. The lot contains two acres of land, and is a very good investment. The above property will be sold together or separately, as may be desired. Title perfect. Apply to J. H. WILSON, Real Estate Office, 107 N. Main St., Portland, Me., July 8, 1872.

House and Lot For Sale

At South Paris.

Said house is located about four rods from the depot at South Paris; is two stories high; contains three rooms, is suitable for two families, or a boarding house; has a good land; water run to the house from a never failing spring. Orchard of good fruit, bearing in August & September. The lot contains two acres of land, and is a very good investment. The above property will be sold together or separately, as may be desired. Title perfect. Apply to J. H. WILSON, Real Estate Office, 107 N. Main St., Portland, Me., July 8, 1872.

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